

No.
29

PEEP



The SHIELD

LOOK! IT'S TERRIFIC! READ THE INSIDE STORY!
THE SHIELD LOSES HIS SUPER POWER!



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

USE THIS ENTIRE COUPON!!!

JUST PRINT PLAINLY ON THIS COUPON, YOUR NAME, ADDRESS, AGE AND SEND IT TO ME WITH 10¢ TO COVER COST OF MAILING AND HANDLING.

Joe Higgins
Room 315
60 Hudson St.
New York City

DEAR JOE:

Please enroll me as a member of the **SHIELD G-MAN CLUB**. I am enclosing this coupon together with Ten Cents to cover the costs of handling and mailing my Badge and Identification Card.



EXACT COPY OF BADGE
IN THREE COLORS
RED—WHITE—BLUE

Name _____

Address _____ Age _____

CUT ON THIS LINE

EMERGENCY ANNOUNCEMENT

Well, gang, you're about to read all about it! The way it happened—the way I lost my super-powers!

I guess by this time all of you members of the **SHIELD G-MAN CLUB** have received my personal note, letting you in on the big news.

But in case you're wondering, if losing my super-powers is going to stop me from fighting against crime or affect our G-Man Club in any way, you've got another think coming!

I'll be in there pitching in every issue of **PEP** and **SHIELD WIZARD Comics** . . . and whether or not I ever regain those powers, it's still an all-out battle against the enemies of the U. S., the cutthroats who are battling against our democracy. Still a fight to the death—mine or theirs. Only thing is, the fight's going to be twice as hard. I'd be a pretty poor American to lay down on the job, now—what with all those soldier boys fighting our fight on the front . . . and against odds just as great, maybe greater.

Here's Dusty, fellas—he wants to say something.

Sincerely,

*Joe Higgins
(The Shield)*

Hiya, pals! The Shield has told you just about everything . . . all I want to add is that no matter what he's up against I'm with him all the way, and I know you are too—rooting for the power of right over might, joining the **SHIELD'S CLUB**, wearing his badge, being proud of the membership card and what it stands for. What more could a guy ask for? You know, I think it'd be pretty swell if you wrote the Shield and told him so. We'll be looking forward to those letters.

Sincerely,

Dusty

America's Fightingest Duo

SHIELD

DUSTY

WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU, SHIELD? A BULLET NEVER STOPPED YOU BEFORE! SHIELD... DON'T YOU HEAR ME? I'M YOUR PAL, DUSTY! GET UP WE'RE IN TERRIBLE DANGER!



THE SHIELD HAS LOST HIS SUPER-POWER, DUSTY. THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM. LOST IT AT A TIME WHEN OUR COUNTRY NEEDS HIM MOST! WHEN THE SCAVENGERS OF CIVILIZATION HOVER OVER OUR DEMOCRACY READY TO PICK OUR BONES CLEAN! HOW DID THIS TERRIBLE CATASTROPHE HAPPEN? READ ON AND SEE!

NIGHT, AND A PAIR OF FIGURES STEALTHILY APPROACH A
DESERTED SHACK BY THE WATERFRONT...

SHH, DUSTY! THIS
IS THE PLACE!

NOW WE'LL
JUST PULL OUT
A BRICK ON
THAT WALL
AND SEE WHAT
HAPPENS!

JUPITER! A
DOOR'S GLIDING
OPEN, SHIELD!

RIGHT...JUST AS I
KNEW IT WOULD!

I'VE
BEEN ON
THE TRAIL OF
THIS JAP SPY
NEST A LONG
TIME, DUSTY!

WHILE IN
A SECRET
ROOM
BELOW.

HAS THE
MESSAGE
COME THROUGH
YET?

ANY
MOMENT
NOW!

AND I DO MEAN
COLD!

RIDE 'EM, DUSTY...
WE'VE GOT 'EM
COLD, NOW!

LIKE TWIN TORNADOES, THE FIGHTING DUD POUR IT INTO THE YELLOW HORSE

WELL, WELL, LOOKS LIKE WE GET THE RISING SUN, EH LAD?

CRACK

NOW, LET'S SEE WHAT MESSAGE THEY WERE WAITING FOR SO ANXIOUSLY!

GREAT SCOT!

WHAT'S UP, SHIELD?

THE FANG IS COMING TO OUR SHORES, DUSTY!

WHAT! THAT JAPANESE BUTCHER HERE AGAIN!

IT'S COMING THROUGH!

YES, AND DUSTY! WATCH OUT!

THEN - THE INCREDIBLE HAPPENS...

Oooh... I'VE BEEN HIT... EVERY... EVERYTHING'S GOING BLACK!

BEFORE THE JAP CAN FIRE AGAIN, A BOMB-SHELL HURTTLES INTO THE PIT OF HIS STOMACH.



SHIELD! WHAT HAPPENED? YOU ALL RIGHT?

AS FOR WHAT HAPPENED, I'M NOT SURE MYSELF, BUT I SUSPECT THAT THE FORMULA OF MY FATHER'S WHICH GAVE ME MY STRENGTH IS WEARING OFF!

Y..YEAH...JUST A SCALP GRAZE!

HERE ARE THE REST OF THE BOYS, DUSTY!

HIYA, SHIELD. WE FOLLOWED YOU LIKE YOU ASKED US!

OKAY, YOU F.B.I. BOYS CAN TAKE OVER FROM HERE ON.... COME ON, DUSTY!



WHERE TO, SHIELD?

BACK TO MY LABORATORY!

THIS IS THE MACHINE WHOSE RAYS GAVE ME MY SUPER-STRENGTH, DUSTY. I'VE GUARDED ITS SECRET JEALOUSLY, DUSTY! EVEN FROM YOU!

BUT NOW I'M GOING TO TELL YOU THE STORY, MY FATHER DISCOVERED IT AND PASSED IT ON TO ME WHILE HE WAS DYING.



GERMAN SPIES GOT HIM IN THE LAST WAR AND WHILE HE LAY DYING IN A HOSPITAL, I WAS SUMMONED TO HIS BEDSIDE. HE GAGGED THE SECRET FORMULA INTO MY EAR...

FOR YEARS I WORKED TO PERFECT THAT FORMULA... TOILING, EVER TOILING...

FOR ME THERE WAS NO REST... ONLY A CONSTANT SEARCH... THEN, ONE NIGHT, I OPENED A MEDICAL BOOK...



NOW I KNEW ON WHICH PARTS OF THE BODY TO RUB MY FORMULA. NOTICE THE FIRST LETTERS OF EACH WORD SHIELD



MY FIRST TEST OF STRENGTH... SUCCESS...



BULLETS COULD NOT PENETRATE MY SKIN!

NOR HEAT SEAR MY BODY...



NEVER THOUGHT OF
THE DAY WHEN THE EFFECTS
OF THE FORMULA MIGHT
WEAR OFF!

MAYBE IT
HASN'T, SHIELD..
MAYBE IT WAS
JUST A TEMPORARY
LAPSE!

I HOPE SO! WE'LL
SOON FIND OUT...
FIRST TEST, MY HEAT
CHAMBER! AND DON'T
SPARE THE HORSE-POWER,
DUSTY!

I'LL
EASE THE TEMPER-
ATURE UP GRADUALLY!

AS DUSTY INCREASES
THE TEMPERATURE...

HEY! SOME-
THING'S WRONG
IN THERE!

HE'S FAINTED (COUGH) IT'S AN
INFERNO IN HERE (GASP)

SHIELD! YOU
OKAY?

I'M ALLRIGHT NOW..
BUT THAT CLINCHES IT
I'VE LOST MY SUPER-
POWERS ALL
RIGHT!

AREN'T YOU
GONNA USE THAT
RAY MACHINE ...
AND TRY AND GET
'EM BACK?

NO TIME FOR
THAT.....THE
FANG COMES FIRST.
HE'S TOO DANGEROUS.
COME ON, WE'RE GO-
ING DOWN TO THE
PIER!

AT THAT MOMENT AT THE PIER WHERE A SHIP FROM
THE ORIENT HAS JUST DOCKED...

F.B.I. MEN,
CAPTAIN...ROUTINE
INSPECTION,
YOU KNOW!

YES, YES,
OF COURSE!
STEWARD,
COME HERE!

TAKE THESE MEN
BELOW...F.B.I. INSPECTION,
YOU KNOW!

YES SIR!

CAN'T TAKE ANY
CHANCES IN THESE
TIMES, YOU KNOW!

WHAT'S
IN THAT
COFFIN?

PROBABLY ONE OF OUR SOLDIERS
SENT HOME FOR BURIAL!

WELL, I'LL HAVE
A LOOK INSIDE
LATER!

YOU'LL
NEVER
LOOK INSIDE,
YOU OAF!

NOW
THE FANG
TAKES CARE
OF YOU!

AAARGH!

THIS IS JUST A TASTE
OF WHAT THE FANG HAS
IN STORE FOR YOUR
COUNTRYMEN!

FOOTSTEPS...
I'LL HAVE TO USE
THE PORTHOLE. FARE
WELL, GENTLEMEN.
HA, HA, HA!

JAPANESE
SPIES ABOARD
THIS SHIP!
ABSURD!

WELL,
IT CAN'T
HURT TO CHECK
WITH THE SHIELD'S
HUNCH, CAPTAIN!

YEOWW! YOU WERE
RIGHT, SHIELD! THIS IS
THE FANG'S WORK!

HE MUST
HAVE GONE
THRU HERE!

AT THAT MOMENT THE FANG
DRAWS HIMSELF UP ONTO
THE WHARF...

AND MAKES HIS WAY TO A PRE-
ARRANGED SPOT...

THEN CLINGING TO THE
SHADOWS HE IS ESCORTED
BY AGENTS TO A WAITING
CAR...

BUT AS THE CAR BEGINS TO ROLL
ANOTHER FIGURE ALSO SLIPS FROM
THE SHADOWS-DUSTY! A SWIFT
CHASE..A LITHE LEAP, AND...

PRETTY SMART OF
THE SHIELD TO KEEP
ME POSTED ON THE
WHARF. THAT GUY
THINKS OF EVERY-
THING!

LAST STOP..
ALL OUT!

I, THE FANG, HAVE
BEEN DISPATCHED
HERE BY THE EM-
PEROR, HIMSELF!

YES, MASTER, WE
SHALL HUMBLLY
OBEY YOU!

GOOD! WE
STRIKE AT ONCE!

THE ACCURSED
PRESIDENT SHALL
BE THE FIRST TO
FEEL MY HAND. I
SHALL BRING HIM
BACK AS A GIFT
FOR OUR EMPEROR.
HA,HA,HA!

DARE TO TALK BACK
TO ME, OFFSPRING
OF A JACKAL!

IT IS AN AMBITIOUS
PLAN, OH GREAT ONE!
THERE IS ONE FLY
IN THE OINTMENT-
THE SHIELD... HE

HAND
ME A
SWORD,
SOME-
ONE!

WHOOSH

YI!







HE IS AN UNCONQUERABLE DEMON!

FLEE, MASTER, IT IS USELESS TO GIVE HIM BATTLE!

COME BACK, SWINE!

I, THE FANG, FEAR NO MAN ON EARTH! I CHALLENGE YOUR SUPER-STRENGTH, SHIELD!



AND I ACCEPT YOUR CHALLENGE!



GOMPH!



BAH... SO THIS IS THE UNCONQUERABLE DEMON! A FRAUD, AND A DEAD ONE SOON!



NOT SO FAST, LISLY!



THANKS, DUSTY. NOW I'LL PICK UP FROM HERE!



AND JUST THEN..

COME ON, MEN.. THE SHIELD'S GOT THE BIG SHOT!

WE TRIED TO KEEP UP WITH YOU AFTER YOU LEFT US. BUT YOU WERE GOING LIKE A BAT OUT OF HADES!

AND A GOOD THING, TOO.. I CAME JUST IN TIME!

JUST A MINUTE, UGLY! IS THAT YOUR MEDAL ON THE GROUND?



SUCKER!

HA, HA, HE SURE FELL FOR THAT ONE. WELL, LET'S GET BACK TO OUR LAB, DUSTY!

LATER..

OKAY, KID! EVERYTHING'S SET!



DO YOU THINK IT'LL WORK, SHIELD? WILL YOU GET YOUR SUPER-POWER BACK?

I DON'T KNOW, LAD! ALL WE CAN DO NOW, IS HOPE!

GIVE 'ER THE JUICE, DUSTY!

WILL THE SHIELD REGAIN HIS SUPER-POWERS? THIS IS THE BURNING QUESTION THAT RINGS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD. IF NOT, DOES THIS MEAN THE END OF THE SHIELD? YOU'LL GET THE REAL ANSWERS IN THE AUGUST ISSUE OF PEP COMICS... AND HOW YOU'LL GET THEM....



THE GROTESQUE MONKEY

A SHIELD STORY

JOE HIGGINS stared with horror at the contents of the iron cage. The police inspector at his side blanched, and his hand shook with fright as he automatically reached for his notebook.

Silhouetted in the glare of the daylight lamps, standing between the two men was Mr. Stain, his delicate hands as white as his long-sleeved jacket.

"You are Dr. Latham's assistant?" queried the inspector. He was making notes with the stub of a pencil in a small notebook.

"Yes, I am," answered Mr. Stain.

"Tell us exactly what happened."

"I left the laboratory an hour ago, and went to the Research Library across the street . . . for some material on an experiment we're doing, and when I came back, I found, lying at the bottom of the cage . . . that!" Mr. Stain shuddered.

"But what is it?" asked the Inspector.

Joe Higgins, his brain working with lightning speed, took charge.

"That mangled pulp of what was once human is Dr. Latham; he was an old friend of mine."

A small monkey chattered frantically in the far corner of the laboratory.

With a sudden movement it leaped out, and scrambled along the wall to the shelves covered with chemical paraphernalia. It reached into a box, as if searching for some-

thing, and then with a shrill cry held up a herb covered with fungus.

"Catch that monkey!" screamed Mr. Stain.

The laboratory assistant chased the monkey out of the house, and Joe Higgins dove after him.

All at once a horrible shrieking shattered the air from behind the clump of cypress trees.

In a trice, Joe Higgins was in his Shield uniform, racing toward the hellish shrieking. Suddenly, he burst upon a scene that would chill the marrow of the dead.

A gigantic gorilla was crushing the mangled body of Mr. Stain, and with a horribly guttural laugh dashed it against a tree.

The Shield leaped with incredible swiftness at the Thing. But not in time to prevent a hairy paw from bearing down upon his head with the force of a pile-driver. The Shield staggered and chokily caught his breath. All swam dizzily before his eyes. Never had he been hit with such force before!

The monster raised its hand again!

Using his last ounce of reserve strength, The Shield sprang at the Thing's throat, clamped down upon the beast's windpipe, squeezed tighter and tighter against the wild struggles of the ape, until the hairy monster collapsed to the ground, its strangled, demaniacal cry falling like an ugly flowing cape about The Shield.

A quick change, and once

again Joe Higgins stood forth ready to greet the Inspector and the police who came running up. With unbelieving eyes they looked at the dead gorilla!

It was shrinking!

Shrinking into the form of the little monkey that had escaped from the laboratory!

"But what happened?" asked the Inspector in hushed tones, later when they gathered round the large table at headquarters.

"I'll tell you," volunteered Joe Higgins.

"My friend, Dr. Latham had written me that he'd discovered a herb which could affect the glands of a monkey, and make it grow to unusual proportions. His assistant, Mr. Stain knew of the Doctor's discovery and to obtain it all for himself, fed the herb to the monkey. The monkey underwent the horrible transformation and killed Dr. Latham. When the effects of the herb had worn off and the monkey became normal in size again, Mr. Stain called the police and myself in. . . ."

"But why?" interposed the Inspector.

"Merely to exonerate himself. What Mr. Stain did not take into account was that I also knew of Dr. Latham's secret discovery. And when the monkey escaped while we were there, and ate more of the herb, he disposed of Mr. Stain as well. Fortunately, The Shield came to my rescue before it could get me!"

Nobody noticed the little smile that played round the corners of Joe's mouth.

THE HANGMAN

CAN A BATTLESHIP BE STOLEN?
YES, WE MEAN ACTUALLY STOLEN, AS THOUGH IT WERE A WALLET OR A PIECE OF JEWELRY. NEVER HAS AMERICA'S GREATEST FOE, CAPT. SWASTIKA, EMBARKED UPON A MORE FANTASTIC MISSION... AND NEVER HAS HIS ONLY NEMESIS, THE HANGMAN, BEEN CONFRONTED WITH A MORE DANGEROUS TASK IN THIS INCREDIBLE TALE OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION...



LUCY

OPENING SCENE - A COURTROOM WHERE A FIFTH COLUMNIST IS BEING TRIED...

HAVE THE JURYMEN REACHED A VERDICT?

WE FIND THE DEFENDANT GUILTY!

DEFENDANT, STAND UP AND HEAR YOUR SENTENCE!

YOU HAVE BEEN FOUND GUILTY OF TREASON AND SABOTAGE. THE DECISION OF THE COURT... THAT YOU BE HANGED BY THE NECK UNTIL DEAD!

DAYS LATER, IN THE CELL OF THE CONDEMNED MAN...

LOOK... YOU CAN STILL SAVE YOUR NECK IF YOU'LL TELL US WHERE SWASTIKA IS AND WHAT HIS PLANS ARE!

BAH! YOU THINK I AM SOFT LIKE YOU YANKEE PIGS. THE NAZIS ARE MEN OF IRON. WE KNOW HOW TO LIVE AND WE ARE NOT AFRAID TO DIE.. GET OUT!

WELL, THAT'S THAT.. LOOKS LIKE HE WON'T TALK!

YEAH, JUST ANOTHER SAD TAKING THE RAP FOR CAPT. SWASTIKA!

IT'S NO USE, WARDEN. THAT SPY'S A CLAM. WE TRIED EVERYTHING!

NO.. NOT EVERYTHING, GENTLEMEN!

LET ME HAVE A WORD WITH HIM, WARDEN. I'M VERY INTERESTED IN CAPT. SWASTIKA'S PLANS TOO, YOU KNOW

HMM... I DON'T THINK YOU CAN ACCOMPLISH ANYTHING - BUT GO AHEAD AND TRY!



HA! IMAGINE DOSE FOOL
F.B.I. MEN TRYING TO
FRIGHTEN ME --
A TRUE ARYAN!



SUDDENLY, A GRUE-
SOME SHADOW CROSSES
THE PURE ARYAN'S FACE-
THE SIGN OF THE
GALLOWS..



YOU NO DOUBT HAVE HEARD
OF ME, HANS WAGNER. I
AM CALLED -THE
HANGMAN!

WHAT
DO YOU
VANT?



I WANT TO
TELL YOU IN DETAIL
JUST WHAT IT MEANS
TO BE HANGED. THERE
IS THAT FIRST AWFUL
MOMENT WHEN THEY
KNOT THE ROPE
AROUND YOUR
NECK!



THEN THE TRAP DOOR IS
RELEASED BENEATH
YOUR QUIVERING
FEET...



IF YOU'RE LUCKY, YOUR NECK
WILL SNAP...IF NOT, YOU'LL
DANGLE THERE FOR A
SEEMING ETERNITY...



...DANGLE TILL YOUR EYES
POP OUT..TILL YOU'D SELL
YOUR SOUL FOR BUT ONE
WHEEZING GASP OF BREATH.
YOU'LL DIE A THOUSAND
DEATHS, HANS!



NO! NO! I
DON'T VANT TO
DIE DAT VAY. SAFE
ME, HANGMAN...I'LL
TELL EFFERYTHING
I KNOW!



WELL,
HANGMAN,
ANY RESULTS?

PLENTY... IT
SOUNDS CRAZY
BUT I BELIEVE
IT!

TONIGHT CAPT SWASTIKA AND HIS MEN ARE GOING TO STEAL OUR BIGGEST BATTLESHIP RIGHT OUT OF OUR NAVY YARD!

WHAT! STEAL A BATTLESHIP!

HAW, HAW, HAW, AND DIDN'T HE TELL YOU THAT HITLER'S REALLY SANTA CLAUS IN DISGUISE!

HE DIDN'T TELL YOU THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE, I HOPE!

CAN'T SAY THAT I BLAME THEM FOR LAUGHING... BUT WHERE SWASTIKA IS CONCERNED!



I'M NOT MISSING UP ANY BETS. NO MATTER HOW SCREWY IT SOUNDS!



UNSEEN, ANOTHER CAR PULLS OUT OF A BLIND ALLEY AS THE HANGMAN WHIZZES BY...



OVERTAKES HIM, AND...



WHA-

GOOTBYE, HANGMAN!

WITH THE SPEED OF THOUGHT THE HANGMAN SWERVES HIS CAR DIRECTLY INTO THE PATH OF HIS ASSAILANTS...



A RECEPTION COMMITTEE FROM CAPT. SWASTIKA UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS!







YOU KNOW, YOUR VOICE
SOMENOW SOUNDS FAMILIAR.
SAY, WHY DO YOU KEEP YOUR
FACE TURNED AWAY ALL
THE TIME?

THIS IS WHY,
HANGMAN!
CAPT. SWASTIKA..
OOOOOH!

YOU WERE RIGHT, HANGMAN. I
DO HAVE MORE RESPECT THAN TO
TRUST YOUR CAPTURE TO
BUNGLING ASSISTANTS!

THUMP



SWASTIKA PLACES THE UNCON-
SCIOUS HANGMAN IN THE CAR, SETS
IT IN MOTION! OVER THE BRIDGE IT
GOES...

FAREWELL, HANGMAN, NOW
THERE IS NO ONE TO STAND
IN MY WAY!

THE POLICEMAN I STOLE
THESE CLOTHES FROM WILL
NEVER HAVE USE FOR HIS
UNIFORM AGAIN..SO OVER
IT GOES, TOO...HA, HA, HA...

SPLASH



MEANWHILE, THE IMPACT OF
THE WATER HAS REVIVED THE
HANGMAN...

MY HANDS AND
FEET...THEY'RE BOUND.
I CAN KEEP AFLOAT IF I
KEEP MOVING MY LEGS!

G..GETTING
TIRED...CAN'T
KEEP THIS UP
MUCH LONGER...
GUESS SWASTIKA
WINS TH...THE
FINAL HAND!

(GASP)
WH...WHA...
(SPUTTER)
WHAT....
HAPPENED?

THEN, AS A LAST INSPIRATIONAL
RESORT THE HANDMAN ALLOWS HIM-
SELF TO SINK...



FRANTICALLY, WITH HIS STRENGTH
FAST WANING HE SAVES HIS BONDS
AGAINST THE BROKEN WIND-SHIELD..



SUCCESS..



THAT (GASP) WAS AS
CLOSE (WHEEZE) TO
MY FINISH AS I
EVER (SPUTTER)
WANT TO
GET!



OUR SCENE CHANGES.. A LONE SENTRY
PACES HIS POST BEFORE THE ENTRANCE
TO A PIER-SHED AT THE NAVY YARD...



SUDDENLY...

AAARGH!



AW.. YA KILLED
HIM, SWASTIKA..
YA PROMISED
TO LET ME
'FINISH 'IM
OFF MYSELF!



QUIET, ICE-PICK,
YOU'LL GET YOUR
FUN SOON...GET
INTO HIS CLOTHING!

YOU KNOW
WHAT TO DO!
NOW, NO SLIP-
UPS!

DON'T
WORRY, CAP..I'LL
DO MY
PART!

KEEPING IN THE SHADOWS, ICE-
PICK MAKES HIS WAY UP THE
GANG-PLANK...

SENTRY
WHY HAVE YOU LEFT
YOUR POST?

WELL, LIEUTENANT, IT'S
LIKE THIS..





SAY SOMETHING
QUEER ABOUT YOU.
TURN AROUND SO
I CAN HAVE A
LOOK AT YOU!

AAGLL

SURE.
TAKE A GOOD
LOOK 'CAUSE
IT'S YOUR LAST.
HAW, HAW!

GOOD WORK,
ICE-PICK! NOW TO
GET RID OF THAT
ONE QUIETLY!

THAT'S MY
SPECIALTY, CAP.
GETTIN' RID OF
GUYS QUIETLY!

FIRST, I'LL
UNSCREW
THIS ICE-
PICK O'
MINE, LIKE
THIS!

BOYBOY
AM I HAVIN'
FUN TONIGHT!

G-G-G-G-N-H-U-U-U

LOWER THE ROPE
LADDER, ICE-PICK. I'LL
GIVE THE SIGNAL!



THERE'S CAPT.
SWASTIKA'S SIGNAL.
MEN! GET THE BOAT
STARTED. WE ARE
GOING TO BOARD
THE BATTLESHIP!

WHILE IN THE CHART ROOM
OF THE BATTLESHIP...

OUR COURSE
IS CHARTED,
CAPTAIN. WE
ARE READY
TO LEAVE AT
A MOMENT'S
NOTICE!

EASY DOES
IT, BRASS HAT..
WE'RE TAKING
OVER FROM
HERE!



WARNED BY SOME INSTINCT, THE HANGMAN WHIRLS, DUCKS, AND...

GOTCHA NOW..... OOF!



AWR!

POW



THEN BACK TO THE MACHINE GUN JUST IN TIME TO 'QUIET' SWASTIKA'S ONRUSHING MEN...

BANG



THERE GOES SWASTIKA, SAVING HIS OWN HIDE AS USUAL!



THE FIENDS TAKE THE HANG-MAN...HE'S CATCHING UP WITH ME!

BANG



WOOMPH



SPLAT



BONG







THE HANGMAN'S GOING TO BE HANGED! THIS IS TOO GOOD FOR ME TO MISS...CAPT. SWASTIKA SHALL BE ONE OF THE AUDIENCE!



HANGMAN, THIS IS ABSURD! THEY CAN'T DO THIS TO YOU!

LOOKS LIKE THEY HAVE ALREADY DONE IT, THEL!



IT ISN'T MY OWN FATE THAT WORRIES ME, THELMA, IT'S THAT CAPT. SWASTIKA IS STILL LOOSE TO PREY ON AMERICA!



OH, HANGMAN (sob) I... I LOVE YOU (sob) THEY CAN'T TAKE YOU AWAY FROM ME!

PLEASE, THELMA, TRY TO BE BRAVE!



THE DAY OF RECKONING...

YOU GO NOW TO MEET YOUR MAKER. CLEANSE YOUR HEART OF BITTERNESS, MY SON!

I'M NOT BITTER, FATHER!



HAVE YOU ANY LAST REQUESTS, HANGMAN?

YES, WARDEN, JUST ONE!



I WANT TO SEE THE AUDIENCE THAT IS GOING TO VIEW MY EXECUTION!

WHAT? HMM... AN UNUSUAL REQUEST, BUT I SEE NO HARM IN ALLOWING YOU!



THE HANGMAN IS ESCORTED TO A ROOM WHERE THE REPORTERS ARE GATHERED.



ONE SIDE, GENTLEMEN, I THINK I SEE AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE!



OFF WITH THAT HAT YOU...AH,JUST AS I THOUGHT---CAPT. SWASTIKA!



YOU FELL FOR IT, SWASTIKA - HOOK LINE AND SINKER...I KNEW YOU'D SHOW UP FOR MY HANGING... DOOF HE'S SLIPPING OUT OF HIS COAT!



YOU HAVEN'T CAUGHT ME YET, HANGMAN!

WHAM



FRANTICALLY, CAPT. SWASTIKA FLEES THROUGH THE FIRST OPEN DOOR HE SEES...



ALONG THE CORRIDOR, THE CHASE CONTINUES UNTIL SWASTIKA DARTS INTO A ROOM...



HE'S TRAPPED! HE LOCKED HIMSELF IN THE EXECUTION ROOM!

JUST THE SAME, I WON'T BE SATISFIED UNTIL WE'VE GOT OUR HANDS ON HIM!



STAND BACK, EVERYBODY, WE'RE GETTING INTO THAT CHAMBER!

GREAT JUPITER!
HE'S HANGED
HIMSELF!

IF THAT ISN'T THE
HEIGHT OF IRONY! HE
CAME TO ATTEND MY
HANGING. AND WALKED
RIGHT INTO HIS OWN NOOSE!

HE'S NOT DEAD YET! HE'S
STILL BREATHING, BUT
FAINTLY!

WHAT'S THIS
ALL ABOUT? WHO
IS SUPPOSED TO
BE HANGED
ANYWAY?

YEAH!
WHAT ABOUT
YOU, HANGMAN?
WHO WHAT?

EASY, FELLOWS.
I'LL LET THE
WARDEN EXPLAIN!

THE WHOLE THING WAS A
GIGANTIC HOAX, GENTLEMEN. TRIAL
AND ALL - THE HANGMAN'S IDEA-TO
DRAW CAPT. SWASTIKA OUT
OF HIDING!

WOW. WATTA
STORY!

NEXT DAY

I STILL DON'T
FORGIVE YOU
FOR NOT LET-
TING ME IN ON
IT, BOB!

I'M
SORRY,
THEL!

BUT EVERYTHING DEPENDED
ON THE STRICTEST SECRECY
IT WORKED EVEN BETTER THAN
I THOUGHT. IT MADE YOU TELL
ME SOMETHING - OR HAVE
YOU FORGOTTEN?

THE HANGMAN
APPEARS ONLY IN PEP
and HANGMAN COMICS

BAIT FOR THE GALLOWS

A HANGMAN STORY

POLECAT Carson stirred uneasily in his chair. Suddenly, he listened intently. He leaped to the window and peered outside through a slit in the window-shade. No, nobody down there! Nothing but the street-lamp blurred on the wet pavement.

Nervously he drummed his damp fingers on the table. This waiting, waiting was making a wreck of him! He couldn't understand it! A week ago he bumped off Louie Fletcher, and the night before last he plugged Snake-Eyes Polchik. Only Rats Walker to dispose of and then he'd be the big-shot!

But something was going wrong! He couldn't make it out; there hadn't been a line in the newspapers about the murders! And not a stir from the cops! Surely Louie and Snake-Eyes were big enough to rate the front-page! Polecat sweated as he thought about it! No one was on his tail! Nobody asked any questions or asked for his alibi!

One more thing made it more fear-making than anything else. His trusted henchmen had disappeared—completely.

Here he hid in his two-room apartment, just waiting for the chance to go out and give Rats his. But what was the use of hiding out when no one was chasing him?

Suddenly Polecat felt a blast of chilly air across his face. Swiftly he reached for his rod and looked up. Framed in the doorway stood a forbidding figure: a huge mus-

cular man, swathed in a black cape.

"Y-you here again? L-leave me alone, willya!" Polecat stuttered, his gun waving nervously.

"No one can escape The Hangman," answered the dark figure accusingly. "Give yourself up . . . confess to your crimes. . . ."

"Never!" shrieked Polecat hysterically. "I didn't do it! I didn't do nothing!"

He pulled the trigger. A shot rang out, and the room filled with acrid smoke. In blind dread Polecat sprang for the door. The Hangman was gone!

"That guy's getting too much for me," whispered Polecat. "I'm gettin' outa here! Now's the time to get rid of Rats Walker for good!"

A short time later, Polecat stepped out of the bathroom in Rats' apartment. Behind him, inside the tub, covered with water lay Rats' drowned body.

"Easy does it!" muttered the murderer. "Now there'll be no more splitting of the shake-down dough! It'll be all mine!"

Polecat switched off the light, and turned the door-knob. Suddenly a yellow glow penetrated the room. Polecat started back in terror. Etched on his face was the shadow of the gallows—the mark of the harbinger of doom to criminals, The Hangman!

"I warned you," said The Hangman grimly, "your number's up!"

"I'll make sure of your number this time," screamed Polecat. In a maniacal fury,

he fired his revolver through his coat pocket. "I'll kill you! —I'll kill you!"

The Hangman side-stepped the shot and lurched out with a smashing fist. Polecat's body jarred to the wall, but he kept firing. As The Hangman advanced, Polecat shot again and again. But The Hangman disregarded the hot bullets.

He delivered another punch, this one to the stomach! As Polecat doubled up in agony, The Hangman sent a fierce jaw-crasher to his chin! It was all over!

Later at headquarters, the Sergeant scratched his head wonderingly as he locked the cringing murderer in a cell.

"Don't let him get at me again, please Sarge, willya please!" Polecat blubbered. "I'll tell everything . . . everything I know!"

Meanwhile twenty yards away in the police office, the Captain of the force stared at The Hangman.

"I'm glad we followed your advice, Hangman," said the Captain earnestly. "We knew Polecat Carson had committed those crimes, but we had no proof. We couldn't get a murmur out of his lieutenants."

"You can keep his henchmen now," answered The Hangman. "Taking them into protective custody before worried Polecat considerably. But now Polecat has incriminated them completely. A criminal always draws the noose about his own neck!"

The Captain smiled: "Yes," he remarked, "but with your help, Hangman!"

HAPPY
NEW YEAR!

THE PEOPLE OF BURMA CELEBRATE
THEIR NEW YEAR ON APRIL FIRST
BY THROWING WATER ON
EACH OTHER!



MARRYING THE DEAD

IN CERTAIN PARTS OF CHINA IF
A DAUGHTER DIES BEFORE SHE IS
MARRIED AND ANOTHER FAMILY
HAS A SON WHO DIES BEFORE HE
IS MARRIED, THE PARENTS HAVE
A GRAND WEDDING BETWEEN THE
TWO - THE FAMILIES THEN THINK
THEMSELVES RELATED!

FROG WORSHIPPERS

AMONG SOME
MOORISH TRIBES FROGS
ARE HELD IN SUCH
HIGH ESTEEM THAT,
IF ONE IS FOUND
IN A TENT, IT IS
NOT INJURED BUT
POLITELY ASKED
TO GO AWAY!



Goss

DANNY IN WONDERLAND

ANY SIGN OF
DANNY, KUPPIE
AND SNAPPER,
YET?

REMEMBER,
EVERYBODY!
QUIET WHEN
HE COMES!

BOY! IS
DANNY GONNA
BE SURPRISED

HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON
HERE ANYWAY? IS THERE
A BLACKOUT IN WONDER-
LAND? WAIT A MINUTE!
WE JUST REMEMBERED!
TODAY IS... OOPS... ALMOST
LET IT SLIP THAT TIME!
IT'S A SECRET, YET!
BUT YOU'LL SOON SEE
WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT...

ER... AH... LET'S
TAKE A WALK
AROUND THE
BLOCK, DANNY!

WHAT?
ANOTHER
WALK?

WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE?
YOU'VE BEEN WALKING
ME FOR AN HOUR, NOW
I'M GOING HOME!

ER... AH... GUESS I'LL GO
HOME TOO, DANNY! MEET
YOU THERE... S'LONG!

WELL,
I'LL BE...

I COULDN'T HOLD
HIM ANY LONGER
HE'S COMIN'!

WE'RE
ALL READY
FOR HIM,
KUPPIE!

WHEW!
BOY, AM
I GLAD?





THE ER SPECIAL GUEST HAS ARRIVED GOOD FAIRY!

GOOD! SEND HER IN!



ANNOUNCING MISS ALICE OF WONDERLAND!

ALICE OF WONDERLAND?



GOLLY! I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO MEET YOU (GULP) ALICE!

AND I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO MEET YOU DANNY (GIGH)



THOSE TWO ARE SO BUSY MOONIN' AT EACH OTHER I'LL NEVER EAT IF I WAIT FOR THEM. BRING ME MY FOOD, AND PLENTY OF IT!



AND NOW WE COME TO THE SURPRISE OF THE EVENING. JARVIS..... BRING IN THE MAGIC CAMERA!



THIS MAGIC CAMERA DOESN'T NEED FILM. IT SHOWS ANY KIND OF MOVING PICTURE THAT I COMMAND IT TO!



AND IN HONOR OF DANNY, I'M GOING TO COMMAND IT TO SHOW SOME OF DANNY'S BRAVE DEEDS FOR WHICH WONDERLAND IS SO GRATEFUL!



THE SCREEN IS UN-ROLLED. AND THE CAMERA STARTS TO GRIND...

BRNNY IN WONDERLAND

WE'LL START WITH DANNY'S MOST RECENT ADVENTURES AND WORK BACK!



FIRST, HIS ADVENTURES WITH NIP VAN TWINKLE...

HERE WE SEE DANNY HELPING THE TIMID LION.



NOW DANNY IS PREPARING TO LEAVE BOOGIE-WOOSIE LAND...



...AFTER PUTTING TO A HALT A HORRIBLE BLOODY WAR AND LEAVING IT A LAND OF PEACE...



DANNY BEING THANKED BY KING NEPTUNE FOR RIDDING THE SEAS OF BLACK BART, THE PIRATE...



DANNY'S FRIEND, THE GENIE, WHO HELPED HIM RID US OF HOGWASH, THE MAGICIAN, THE SCOURGE OF WONDER-LAND...



DANNY IN BACKWARDS LAND. AS YOU ALL KNOW, HE SUCCEEDED IN DETHRONING THE TYRANNICAL MAD KING...



THE BEGINNING
OF HIS MOST
THRILLING AD-
VENTURE...



WHEN YOU
FOUGHT THE ONE
EYED GIANT.....
REMEMBER
DANNY?



I'LL NEVER
FORGET! BOY,
I THOUGHT I
WAS A GONER.
THEN!



HERE YOU ARE
RIDDING US OF WONDERLAND'S
WORST KIDNAPPER, DANNY. HE
LURED BAD CHILDREN AWAY
AND MADE THEM INTO
DONKEYS!

HOW HAPPY YOU MADE ALL
THOSE POOR MOTHERS WHEN
YOU RETURNED THEIR CHILD-
REN...



SUDDENLY, THE GOOD FAIRY
BRINGS THE SHOW TO A
CLOSE..

BOY, WHAT
A SHOW THAT
WAS!

THE
END

LIGHTS,
PLEASE!

THAT IS
ENOUGH FOR
ONE NIGHT,
FOLKS!

ONCE AGAIN THE GATHERING WILDLY ACCLAIMS DANNY,
WONDERLAND'S BOY HERO...



OH, DANNY,
YOU, YOU'RE
WONDERFUL!

GOLLY!
(GULP) GEE
WHIZ!







HAW, HAW, HOW'D YA LIKE THAT, SNAPPER? THOSE TWO DON'T KNOW WHEN THEY'VE HAD ENOUGH?



SUDDENLY, THE LIGHTS GO DIM, AND SEEMINGLY FROM OUT THE MIRRORS STEP A HORRIBLE PAIR OF FIGURES...



WH... WHA...
DANNY! HELP!



HEY! LEGGO MY PAL, DANNY! THEY'RE GOING INTO THAT MIRROR, SNAPPER!



C'MON, WE'LL FOLLOW THEM THROUGH... OOP...



LEMME IN! YA CAN'T DO THAT TO MY PAL!



OH, SO YOU WANNA COME IN, EH? OKAY! YOU ASKED FOR IT!

ULP!



ZIP



WH... WHERE ARE WE? WHERE'S DANNY?

YOU'RE IN THE LAND OF NIGHT-MAKES, AND BOY, YOU'RE IN FOR PLENTY!

TALK ABOUT YOUR CRAZY ADVENTURES - THIS BEATS THEM ALL... WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO OUR FRIENDS NEXT? ARE YOU IN FOR SOME SURPRISES IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF PEP COMICS...

SERGEANT BOYLE

ON THE ~~CENSORED~~ ^{CENSORED} BATTLEFRONT
OF ONE OF THE ADVANCED
POSITIONS IN THE PACIFIC—
SERGEANT BOYLE AND A
HARDY GROUP OF AMERICAN
SOLDIERS ARE STEMMING
THE ONRUSHING TIDE OF
VASTLY SUPERIOR JAP
FORCES!



SORRY TO
SEE YOU GO,
SLANT-EYES!
HAPPY LAND
INGS!

HEY!
BOYLE!
GENERAL
WAKELY
WANTS TO
SEE YOU!



WE'RE SUFFERING
HEAVY LOSSES, BOYLE.
I'M AFRAID WE'LL
HAVE TO RUN
FOR IT!

WAIT A SEC.
GENERAL! WHY DON'T
YOU TAKE MOST OF
THE MEN OFF THIS
PENINSULA BY BOAT.



I'LL COVER YOUR RETREAT WITH A HANDFUL OF MEN, I'M SURE WE CAN HOLD OUT FOR SOME TIME!



ALL RIGHT BOYLE! YOU ASKED FOR IT, AND YOU'RE THE MAN FOR THE JOB!



JUST LEAVE US ONE OF THOSE MOSQUITO BOATS.....! KNOW WE CAN HOLD THE ENEMY OFF!



BOYLE, IT'S MEN LIKE YOU WHO'VE MADE OUR GALLANT STAND POSSIBLE! IT'S A BIG ORDER TO ASK EVEN OF YOU BUT I HAVE IMPLICIT FAITH IN YOU!



TAKE EVERY POSSIBLE MAN WITH YOU, SIR! THE FEWER WE ARE THE TOUGHER WE'LL BE TO FIND...OR HIT!

KEEP FIRING EVERYTHING YOU'VE GOT FOR THIRTY MINUTES AND THEN MAKE YOUR ESCAPE! GOOD LUCK!



WE'RE GIVING 'EM EVERYTHING WE'VE GOT SARGE!

THAT'S IT! MAKE 'EM THINK THERE'S A WHOLE ARMY UP HERE!



ONLY TEN MINUTES MEN! AND THEN WE'LL... WELL, I'LL BE A BLUE-NOSED BABOON.... LOOK WHO'S COMIN'!



GOLLY, TWERP, WHAT'RE YOU DOING HERE?

AW, SARGE, I JUST COULDN'T LEAVE WITH THE OTHERS, KNOWING YOU WERE STILL BACK HERE!



OKAY, GANG! TIME'S UP! LET'S RUN FOR IT!

THAT'S WHAT I CAN DO BEST, SARGE!



FASTER, BOYLE, THEY'RE RIGHT BEHIND US!

THE WATER NEVER LOOKED MORE INVITING... COME ON, FELLAS!



SUDDENLY, A SHELL ZOOMS OUT OF THE AIR...



GOBH! OUR BOAT'S GONE! THEY MUST HAVE HIT IT!

YEP, AND HERE COME THE YELLOW-BELLIES! I'VE BEEN IN WORSE SPOTS THAN THIS, BUT I CAN'T REMEMBER WHEN!



FOLLOW ME, MEN! HERE'S A WAY OUT... NO JAPS OVER HERE!



(ULP) MY MISTAKE!



HA HA HA

HECK, THEY'RE ALL OVER THE PLACE!

FINALLY OVERCOME BY OVERWHELMING ODDS, BOYLE AND HIS SMALL GROUP OF VALIANT SOLDIERS ARE THROWN INTO A TRANSPORT PLANE BOUND FOR A CONCENTRATION CAMP IN MANILA...



INSUFFERABLE WHITE DOGS... WE MAKE SURE YOU NOT GIVE US ANY MORE TROUBLE!



YOU NEXT... PUT UP HANDS!



CERTAINLY... ANYTHING TO OBLIGE... IS THIS FAR ENOUGH FOR YOU?

POW



BAM!

SOCK



どうして THIS QUIET YOU, AMERICAN DEVIL DOG!



WITH BOYLE OUT COLD, TWERP ALSO GETS THE BUSINESS BECAUSE HE IS A CAPTAIN...

EEEE
WOO
WWW

STOP HOWLING... WE WANT TO KNOW YOUR HIGH COMMAND'S PLANS!



OOH! MY HEAD! !! G?? * * ? !! WHY THOSE DIRTY RATS... I'LL GET 'EM FOR THIS!



DESIST HONKING!
WE HEARD YOU
FIRST TIME!

HONK HONK HONK
HONK HONK HONK
HONK HONK HONK
BEEP BEEP

SO THE
CAMPS NEAR
THE WATER'S
EDGE! HMM!
THAT'S SOME-
THING TO RE-
MEMBER!



WHAT DETAIN YOU SO LONG,
DESPICABLE ONE? THE GUARDS
ARE STARVED!

QUIET
JABBERING TONGUE
AND SHOW ME WHERE
TO CARRY FOOD!



AN AMERIC...
OOF!

OH, OH,
IF THOSE
DISHES
LAND -
THE
NOISE'LL
BRING
THE
WHOLE
GARRISON



WHEW!

PLOP
PLOP
PLOP
PLOP



EE GLOO
GLOO
NAGASAKI?

WHAT?
'PUT DOWN
THERE'



SURE!

AMERICAN!
STICK 'EM
HANDS UP!



GOT
'IM BOYLE

NICE GOING
TWERP!



BOYLE!
HOW'D YOU
DO IT?

NO TIME
FOR EXPLAN-
ATIONS. WE'VE
GOT TOO MUCH
WORK TO DO!



HMM! KNOCK
OUT DROPS!
JUST WHAT THE
DOCTOR ORDERED!



THE FLAVOR OF KNOCK-OUT DROPS WILL ADD A LOT TO THIS SUKI-YAKI!

BOY-OH BOY! WHAT A DINNER!

SOON AS THE GUARDS ALL TURN UP FOR CHOW, I'LL LET THE OTHERS OUT!

BONG
BONG

DINNER GONG, MORE WELCOME THAN SOUND OF DYING AMERICAN!

BONG

AH! FOOD! BIG APPETITE ANTICIPATES BIG BELCH!

SLUP
SLUP
SLUP
SLURP
SLURP

IN AN INSTANT THE KNOCK-OUT DROPS TAKE EFFECT...

BLUB

INTO THE TRUCK QUICK! WE GOTTA GET PAST THOSE GUARDS!

トトトト
MAN AT WHEEL NOT JAPANESE! SOUND ALARM!

BANG
BANG

DARN! THEY GOT OUR TIRES! WE'LL HAVE TO RUN FOR IT!

CALUMP
CALUMP
CALUMP

LET'S GO DOWN THIS WAY. MAYBE WE CAN ESCAPE IN A BOAT ON THE WATERFRONT!





WE'LL BE IN OPEN COUNTRY SOON BUT WE'RE NOT OUT OF THE WOODS YET... ANY THING CAN STILL HAPPEN!

HALT! UGH!



THIS, FOR INSTANCE! LET'S HAUL THOSE BLOCKS OUT OF THE ROAD BEFORE WE'RE SPOTTED!



HEY TWERP! WHERE YOU GOIN'?

ER..ER.. I'LL BE RIGHT BACK, BOYLE!



LOOK, WATANABE! AMERICANS!



WELL, FOR THE LOVE OF...

ERECT YOUR HANDS, PLEASE!



JAPS, JAPS, JAPS! THIS IS GETTING MONOTONOUS!



AH CHOO

OH BOY!



BAG!

AAAGH



ATTA BOY, SARGE!

WE CAN USE THESE VINES TO HAUL THOSE BLOCKS OFF THE ROAD... SAY, WHAT'S GOING ON?



TWERP, THAT WAS THE LUCKIEST COLD YOU EVER CAUGHT!... GE-SUNDHEIT!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN LUCKY? I'LL PROBABLY GET PNEUMONIA

AH CHOOOOO

BETTER BE ON HAND FOR THE NEXT STORY, GANG. IT'S TOPS!!

ANOTHER SMASHING TRIUMPH FOR
THE FINEST COMIC BOOK ON THE
STANDS! HERES WHAT YOU GET IN
AUGUST

ZIP



1 STEEL STERLING

PAGE 3

in THE DRAGONS of DOOM!!

BARON GESTAPO IS LOOSE AGAIN!! AND HIS DREAD HAND REACHING ACROSS THE VAST PACIFIC, HOVERS OVER AMERICA'S GREATEST GENERAL LIKE A TALON OF DEATH, BUT ZIPPING TO THE RESCUE IN A DESPERATE RACE AGAINST TIME, STEEL STERLING, MAN OF STEEL.

2 THE WEB

PAGE 15

in THE COMING OF THE WEB!!...

THE WEB IS BORN!! HOW DID THIS UNIQUE, AWESOME INSPIRING FORCE FOR JUSTICE COME INTO BEING? WHY DID HE ADOPT THE GUISE OF A WEB? THE ANSWERS ARE TOLD IN A STORY THAT REACHES A CRASHING CRESCENDO OF THRILLS AND EXCITEMENT.



3 BLACK JACK

PAGE 28

in DEATH TRUMPS THE BLACK SEVEN!!

THE BLACK SEVEN! WHO CAN EVER FORGET THIS WEIRD FIGURE POSSESSED OF THE EVIL LUCK OF THE DEVIL HIMSELF? A LUCK THAT ONCE AGAIN IS TO CLASH WITH THE WIT AND GUNNING OF THE ONLY PERSON EVER TO TRUMP IT—BLACK JACK HERE IS A TALE AS UNFORGETTABLE AS IT IS UNUSUAL!



WORLD WONDERS

PAGE 39

5 WILBUR

PAGE 40

in FOURTH of JULY BLUES!!

WILBUR AND FOURTH OF JULY WHAT DOES THAT ADD UP TO? RIGHT, FIREWORKS! AND WHAT FIREWORKS! A BARREL OF TROUBLE (AS USUAL FOR WILBUR)



BLACK WITCH

PAGE 47

in THE GRAVE GIVES UP ITS DEAD!

HORROR STALKS ABROAD, AS THE DEAD DIE TWICE THE BLACK WITCH'S CAULDRON BUBBLES AS IT NEVER BUBBLED BEFORE.



7 ZIP'S HALL OF FAME

"SCARSDALE JACK" NEWKIRK PAGE 54

HE FOUGHT OUR FIGHT AND DIED IN A BLAZE OF GLORY BUT HIS SPIRIT, THE SPIRIT OF AMERICA, SHALL NEVER DIE. ON TO VICTORY WITH "SCARSDALE JACK."

ZAMBINI

in ALL OUT FOR FREEDOM

SHOULDERS TO THE WHEEL, AMERICA AND AFTER YOU'VE READ THIS ZAMBINI STORY, YOU'LL KEEP THAT WHEEL ROLLING, EVER ROLLING UNTIL OUR JOB IS DONE!



PAGE 60



Archie

by
Mortimer

BOY, THIS
IS THE LIFE!
NOTHING TO DO
BUT SIT UP HERE
AND GET TAN
AND EAT MY
FAVORITE
FRUIT!



HERE IT IS, GANG! THE STORY
WE PROMISED YOU! ARCHIE
ON VACATION!

ARCHIE IS AT CAMP STULE ON
VERONICA LAKE (OF COURSE
THE NAME HAD NOTHING TO DO
WITH HIS CHOICE)

JUGHEAD HAS TALKED HIM IN-
TO A JUNIOR COUNSELOR'S JOB
AND RIGHT NOW ALL IS PEACE
...BUT DON'T GO AWAY!

ON THE BEACH, THE HEAD COUNSELOR IS
PREPARING TO TAKE A VISITING PARENT
FOR HER FIRST CANOE RIDE...

OH, THIS IS SO
THRILLING!

OH, WE'RE ALWAYS
GLAD TO HAVE MOTHERS
VISIT OUR CAMP!





MY!
THE LITTLE
DEARS SEEM
SO HAPPY!

YES,
AND SAFE
TOO! NOTHING
EVER HAPPENS
AT CAMP
STULE!

Suddenly



YEEOW!
HELP! HELP!
I GOT A
CRAMP!



HUH! OH, GOLLY!
SOMEONE YELLING
FOR HELP!



YIII!



?



OOOOH!
NOW I'VE
DONE IT!

EEK!
HELP! DO
SOMETHING!

HOLY SMOKE!
MUST BE AN
AIR RAID!



BOY, I MIGHT
AS WELL PACK
MY DUDS 'CAUSE
THIS'LL ONLY LEAD
TO BLOODSHED!

AW, QUIT
WORRYING! I
GOT YOU THE JOB
AS GUARD, DIDN'T
I? I'LL FIX IT
UP!



WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THAT ARCHIE? THOUGHT YOU SAID HE WAS A **GUARD!** OR DID YOU SAY HE WAS A **CARD** CAN HE RIDE?

PRACTICALLY BORN IN THE SADDLE!



ALL RIGHT I'LL GIVE HIM ANOTHER CHANCE! TELL HIM TO SADDLE THE HORSES AND TAKE HIS BOYS FOR A RIDE!

YES SIR!



WHY DOESN'T JUGHEAD KEEP HIS BIG FAT MOUTH SHUT! NOW I'M SUPPOSED TO BE A HORSEMAN!

COME, GANG, LET'S GO!

OKAY, ARCHIE!



I'D BETTER GO SEE IF ARCHIE IS TAKING CARE OF THOSE BOYS ALL RIGHT..SOME OF THOSE KIDS ARE PRETTY SMALL FOR THOSE BIG HORSES!



GOOD GRIEF! WHAT ARE YOU DOING ON THAT POOR OLD THING? GET HIM IN THE STABLE BEFORE HE DIES!

Y-YES SIR!



GEE WHIZ! I'VE NEVER BEEN ON A HORSE..BUT IT'S TOO LATE NOW!



HEY! THIS A SNAP! COME ON, GANG! LET'S RIDE!...HY...HO...SIL-



VOOF!



NOW DON'T
LOSE SIGHT OF
ME OR YOU'LL
GET LOST!

COME ON, YOU
FELLAS! DON'T LOSE
SIGHT---HEY! HEY....
FELLAS, WHERE ARE
YOU?

HEY, HELLO!
HELLOOOO
HEY!
GULP! I'M LOST!

MUCH LATER

'S A SHAME TO
DIE SO YOUNG.
WONDER HOW
THEY'LL FIND ME?
.....DEAD FROM
STARVATION
'SPOSE!

AND STILL LATER..

YIPPEE!
I MADE IT!
BOY, OH BOY, AM
I GLAD TO SEE
OUR CAMP!

HEY, FELLAS!

"GULP"

OOOH!
A BOY!

WHAT ARE
YOU DOING IN
CAMP WINNEBANANA?
DON'T YOU KNOW
THIS IS A GIRL'S
CAMP!

I THOUGHT
IT WAS MY
CAMP. I'M LOST
...I...I DON'T SUP-
POSE YOU HAVE
SOMETHING TO EAT
BEFORE I GO BACK
INTO THE WOODS?

OH! THE
POOR BOY!

HE'S BEEN
LOST!

AND HE'S
STARVING!

MARY,
GO TO THE
KITCHEN AND
GET SOME
FOOD!

HERE! GET
HERE...WHAT
IS YOUR
NAME?





THAT WAS
LOVELY, DEARY!
SO GRACEFUL
WASN'T IT,
GIRLS?

OH THANK
YOU



THAT'S ALL FOR THIS
EVENING, GIRLS! NOW
EVERYONE TO THE
SHOWERS BEFORE BED.
REMEMBER OUR RULE...
A SHOWER AT NIGHT
MAKES US SLEEP TIGHT



COME, COME,
NOW! NO FALSE
MODESTY, LITTLE
GIRL!

B-BUT WAIT!

SPLUTTER



HELLO!

EEK!
WHO'S THAT?

SHOWERS



THERE HE IS!
THAT'S ARCHIE!

HA, HA.
WHAT YOU DO IN
THOSE BLOOM-
ERS, ARCHIE?



VE GODS...
SHE'S A HE!
I MEAN HE'S
A SHE.... I
MEAN... OOH
THIS IS
TERRIBLE!

JUST WHAT'S
THE MEANING
OF ALL THIS!

BOY, WE
THOUGHT WED
NEVER FIND
YOU!



IF THIS GETS
OUT MY CAMP'S
REPUTATION WILL
BE RUINED... I'LL
SUE YOU FOR
A MILLION
DOLLARS!

MY CAMP'S
ALREADY
RUINED, BUT
DON'T WORRY-
I'LL TAKE CARE
NOBODY HEARS
ABOUT IT!



AND HERE I
WAS WORRIED
THAT YOU WERE
LOST IN THE
WOODS... BAH!
I NEVER HAVE
ANY LUCK!



NEXT DAY... DON'T TAKE IT SO
HARD, ARCHIE! NEXT
TIME YOU APPLY FOR A
COUNSELOR'S JOB YOU CAN
SAY YOU'VE HAD EXPERIENCE!

ARCHIE'S STILL ON VACATION
IN THE NEXT PEP GANG...
AND THAT MEANS ANOTHER
FUN FEST WITH AMERICA'S
FUNNIEST YOUNGESTER!

WE DARED TO BE DIFFERENT!

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THE HISTORY OF COMICS
SOMEONE HAS **LOST HIS SUPERPOWER!!!**



THRILL WITH THE NEW
SHIELD AS HE CROSS-
ES SWORDS WITH HIS
GREATEST FOE.....
THE HUN!!!



SHIELD-WIZARD NO 7

SOMETHING SENSATIONALLY NEW HAS BEEN ADDED!!

GUARDING THE FRONT LINE-AMERICA'S DOUGHBOYS



AND GUARDING THE HOME FRONT-AMERICA'S

"BOY-SOLDIERS"



ESPECIALLY RECRUITED FOR

PEP COMICS

AUGUST

AUGUST

WHO ARE THE BOY SOLDIERS? WE'LL TELL YOU THIS MUCH THEY'RE DIFFERENT. PEP DEFIES ANY OTHER MAGAZINE TO IMITATE THEM!!!

BENTLEY

OF SCOTLAND YARD



HERE IS A NEW BENTLEY MYSTERY, IN WHICH THE FAMOUS DETECTIVE CLASHES WITH THE WILY MURDERER KNOWN ONLY AS MR. X AND FOLLOWS A BLOOD TRAIL OF LURKING TERROR AND DEATH TO A SURPRISING CONCLUSION... A LONELY LONDON STREET AND A BODY ETCHED IN HIDEOUS OUTLINE AGAINST A GRAVEYARD FENCE!

GLORY BE! IT'S HENSHAW! AND HE'S CRUCIFIED!

ELLO? 'ELLO?
ROBERTS REPORTING.
SIR! IT-IT'S MURDER.. HORRIBLE
MURDER, IF I DO SAY SO!

Paul Cemmarr

NEXT MORNING BENTLEY, SCOTLAND YARD'S CELEBRATED DETECTIVE, REPORTS TO HIS CHIEF...



YOU SENT FOR ME?

LAST NIGHT ONE OF OUR MEN WAS MURDERED! TODAY WE GOT THIS NOTE IN THE MAIL... HAVE A LOOK AT IT!



SOUNDS LIKE SOME CRANK LETTER WRITER TO ME!

THAT LETTER WAS MAILED AN HOUR BEFORE THE MURDER! BENTLEY, YOU MUST FIND THIS MR. X BEFORE HE STRIKES AGAIN!



IN THE LONELY ATTIC ROOM OF A HOUSE ON THE CITY'S OUTSKIRTS A STRANGE FIGURE READS BY A FLICKERING YELLOW CANDLE LIGHT...

SO SCOTLAND YARD HAS ORDERED A CITY-WIDE SEARCH FOR MR. X!



WELL, THEY'LL NEVER FIND ME! THE STUPID FOOLS!



THEY HAVE THE SECRET RIGHT BEFORE THEIR EYES. IF THEY ONLY KNEW... HA, HA, I'M TOO CLEVER FOR THEM!



THAT SAME NIGHT, ON A STREET IN PICADILLY, A "BOBBY" IS PATROLING A QUIET BEAT...

LOOKS LIKE THERE WON'T BE MUCH DOING TONIGHT!







A SHOT!
IT CAME FROM
OUTSIDE!



HE, HE
GOT ME,
FRED!

HE WON'T
GET AWAY!



HE KILLED
MY BUDDY!

BENTLEY
IS CRUISING IN
A CAR NEARBY.

THAT
MAY BE
MR. X!



WE'VE
GOT HIM
TRAPPED!



HA, HA, HA!
I'M ONE JUMP
AHEAD OF
YOU!



I CAN'T LOSE
HIM!... BUT I CAN
KILL HIM!



THAT WAS HIS LAST
SHOT! AND IT'LL BE
THE LAST CHAPTER
IN THIS MURDER
STORY!

WITH A DESPERATE LUNGE, BENTLEY GRABS THE MURDERER...

GOT YOU!



CLAWING, GOULDING LIKE A TRAPPED ANIMAL, THE MURDERER FIGHTS BACK...



FIENDISHLY STRONG, HIS FINGERS TIGHTEN ON BENTLEY'S THROAT...

I'LL HAVE YOUR LIFE!



NOT WHILE I STILL HAVE MY WITS ABOUT ME!



WITH A LOW GROWL OF RAGE, THE FIEND TURNS AND FLEES. HE LEAPS FOR THE REAR OF A TRAIN PULLING OUT OF THE STATION...

HA, HA, HA!



HE'S ESCAPING!

YOU'LL NEVER GET ME NOW!



THE NEXT DAY...

I HAD A GOOD LOOK AT HIS FACE AND I JUST LOOKED THRU THE ROGUE'S GALLERY... HE'S JOHN DOHERTY, THE ESCAPED CRIMINAL!



YEARS AGO HE WAS SENTENCED TO LIFE FOR THE MURDER OF A WOMAN KNOWN ONLY AS 'LADY X'... HE SWORE VENGEANCE AGAINST THE POLICE... SAY, THAT MAP GIVES ME AN IDEA... I THINK I KNOW WHERE DOHERTY WILL STRIKE NEXT?



HERE IS THE MAP OF LONDON, SHOWING THE MURDER SITES THAT SO INTERESTED THE FAMOUS SLEUTH. LOOK CLOSELY! CAN YOU, TOO, SEE THE SAME CLUE BENTLEY DOES? MATCH YOUR WITS AGAINST THOSE OF THE MASTER DETECTIVE....



THIS
SCHEME
HAD BET-
TER WORK!



THAT NIGHT BENTLEY WALKS A
LONDON BEAT IN THE UNIFORM
OF AN ORDINARY PATROLMAN...



AS BENTLEY
APPROACHES,
A MANHOLE
COVER SLIDES
BACK. A HAND
GRIPPING A
GUN APPEARS.



OH NO
YOU DON'T!



CAUGHT LIKE A RAT
IN HIS HOLE, MR. X!



NOT YET! YOU'LL
HAVE TO CATCH ME
FIRST!



THAT'S
A MERE
TECHNICALITY!

AND THIS MAP GAVE
ME THE LAST CLUE! MR
X HAD PLANNED HIS MUR-
DERS TO FORM AN X ON
THE MAP! THAT MEANT THE
LAST MURDER WAS TO BE
COMMITTED HERE! HE WORKED
OUT A CLEVER JIG-SAW PUZZLE
WITH DEAD MEN AS THE
PIECES. BUT WE SOLVED
IT JUST IN TIME!



WHAT'S GOING
ON DOWN
THERE?

IT'S ALL OVER,
CONSTABLE
AND I'VE GOT
THE MAN I
WANT!

BUT I
STILL
DON'T
SEE HOW
YOU DID
IT!



THOSE DEAD MEN FIRST
GAVE ME THE IDEA THEY'D
BEEN SHOT FROM BE-
NEATH THE ONLY PLACE
I COULD THINK OF
WAS A MAN-
HOLE!



CITY OF LON

THE SHIELD AND DUSTY



WE'VE REALLY GOT SOMETHING THERE, DUSTY!

IT'S THE BIGGEST THING THAT EVER HAPPENED TO US YOUNGSTERS, SHIELD!

UNCLE SAM WANTS YOU

TO JOIN THE "YOUNG SOLDIERS OF AMERICA" ENLIST NOW-AND SEE THE WORLD AT PEACE ONCE AGAIN!

.....

BONDS FOR SAVINGS-BONDS FOR VICTORY-BONDS FOR FREEDOM!

BUY! BUY! BUY!

DUSTY AND I HAVE A COUPLE OF BOOKS WE'D LIKE YOU TO SEE, GANG... THEY'LL HELP YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A YOUNG SOLDIER OF AMERICA!



HERE IS ONE!

AND HERE'S THE OTHER!

OVER IN GERMANY YOU'VE GOT TO READ THE FIRST ONE - WHETHER YOU LIKE IT OR NOT, IT'S DEDICATED TO DEATH..



"AND NOW, MEET THE AUTHOR... HE'LL TELL YOU A FEW THINGS ABOUT HIS BOOK..."



"YOUTH HAS NO TIME FOR PLAY. YOUTH MUST BE REGIMENTED... BE TAUGHT HOW TO KILL FOR THE FATHERLAND.."



"THERE IS NO LIVING ROOM IN THIS WORLD ONLY FOR GERMANY. WE HAVE CONCENTRATION CAMPS FOR THOSE WHO THINK OTHERWISE."



"WAR TO THE DEATH! UNTIL EVERY ENEMY OF THE NEW ORDER HAS BEEN EXTERMINATED!"



"MIGHT MAKES RIGHT. BOW TO GERMANY'S WILL OR BE SLAUGHTERED!"



"ALL EUROPE SHALL BE GERMANY'S BREAD BASKET..."



"THIS IS THE OTHER BOOK, GANG! WRITTEN BY THE PEOPLE OF AMERICA!"



"THE STORY OUR BOOK TELLS..."



"THIS IS PLAYGROUNDS FOR THE YOUTH OF AMERICA. SO THAT THEY MAY GROW TO BE STRONG HEALTHY CITIZENS!"



"IT TELLS OF A NATION AT PLAY. A NATION AT PEACE..."



"A NATION THANKFUL FOR THE BLESSINGS OF FREEDOM AND PROSPERITY"



"AND THE GREATEST MESSAGE IS..."

The Bill of Rights

That all men are created free and equal... endowed with the inalienable rights of freedom of speech, freedom of worship, freedom of the press.

George Washington
Thomas Jefferson



THESE ARE THE BOYS
WHO ARE GIVING THEIR
ALL TO KEEP THE AMER-
ICAN STORY FROM BE-
COMING A LEGEND...
**KEEPING IT ETER-
NALLY ALIVE....**
THE AMERICAN SOL-
DIER ON THE
FIGHTING
FRONT!

AND THIS IS THE WAY YOU
CAN KEEP IT ALIVE. JOIN THE
"YOUNG SOLDIERS OF AMERICA"
ON THE HOME FRONT. KEEP THIS
BOOK FILLED. DO IT NOW!



Become **"A YOUNG SOLDIER OF AMERICA"**
BUY WAR STAMPS. THEN FILL OUT THE PLEDGE BELOW
AND MAIL IT TO **PEP COMICS**, % THE SHIELD AND DUSTY-
60 HUDSON ST. (RM. 315) N.Y.C. - WE WILL PRINT YOUR
NAME ON "THE YOUNG SOLDIERS OF AMERICA" PAGE.....
EVERY ISSUE OF **PEP COMICS** FROM NOW ON WILL HAVE
A PAGE DEVOTED TO THE "YOUNG SOLDIERS OF AMERICA"....

ON MY HONOR AS A LOYAL, PATRIOTIC AMERICAN, I PLEDGE THAT I
HAVE BOUGHT VICTORY STAMPS (OR A STAMP) AND AM ELIGIBLE
FOR THE "YOUNG SOLDIERS OF AMERICA" CLUB!

NAME (IN FULL) _____
ADDRESS _____
STREET _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

YOU MAY COPY THIS PLEDGE ON A
POSTCARD AND MAIL THAT INSTEAD.



AMERICAN INDIANS
WERE THE FIRST TO EAT
CRACKER JACK - THEY
MADE IT BY MIXING
POPPED INDIAN
CORN AND MAPLE
SYRUP!



CHEESE CANNONBALLS

IN A SEA BATTLE BETWEEN
BRAZIL AND URUGUAY IN
THE 19TH CENTURY THE
CAPTAIN OF THE URUGUAY
SHIP RAN OUT OF SHOT, SO
HE USED HARD, ROUND
DUTCH CHEESES!
THE BRAZILIANS THOUGHT
IT WAS SOME STRANGE
BUT POWERFUL CANNON-
BALL AND WERE SO
FRIGHTENED THAT
THEY HURRIEDLY
SAILED AWAY!



GIANT CAKE

THE GREAT CAKE BAKED FOR
THE KING OF PRUSSIA TO CELEBRATE
VICTORY IN 1730 WAS 54 FEET
LONG AND 24 FEET WIDE AND
WAS SERVED TO OVER
30,000 PEOPLE!

- GOSS



AVIATION UTILITY



AVIATION METALSMITH



AEROGRAPHER



RIGID AIRSHIP SERVICE



GUN CAPTAIN



SUBMARINE SERVICE



KNAPPERT



PRINTER



ELECTRICIAN'S MATE



PAINTER, CARPENTER'S MATE, PATTERNMAKER



COOK, BAKER



BUGLER



PHOTOGRAPHER



BOWSIGHT



NAVY'S APPLICABLE IN COINERS



MACHINIST'S MATE, WATER TENDER, POLYMERIZER



MINER, UNDER REPAIRS



TIDMAN



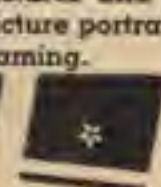
FULL COMBINATION



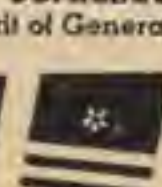
LIEUTENANT COMMANDER



COMMANDER



CAPTAIN



REAR ADMIRAL



VICE ADMIRAL



ADMIRAL

Special to the readers of **PEP COMICS**

A PORTRAIT PICTURE OF

GEN. DOUGLAS MacARTHUR

FREE!

To the readers of this magazine we are giving a copy of a portrait picture drawn by a famous American artist of America's number one hero in the Battle of the Pacific. This picture of General MacArthur is 5 1/2 x 8 1/2 inches and is most suitable for framing. This picture can be obtained by reading the instructions below.

A NEW AMAZING INVENTION

The COMICSCOPE is a camera PROJECTOR that measures seven inches long, seven inches deep and three inches wide. By attaching it to any electrical lamp or socket which you have at home, AC or DC current, it is ready for use. Any one can operate it easily. All pictures, comic magazine strips, newspaper comics, daily and Sunday newspapers, can be used as "film" in the COMICSCOPE and flashed on the wall or screen. You can draw your own pictures, make your own "film" and project them. Now you can take your own Hollywood screen tests by projecting your own and family snapshots. There are no coupons to save. Astonish your friends and win new popularity. Give picture parties, charge admission, make money.



NOT A TOY—BUT A REAL PROJECTOR

REG. U. S. PATENT OFFICE PAT. PEND.

Actual size of the COMICSCOPE is seven inches long, seven inches deep and three inches wide

SCREEN YOUR FAVORITE COMIC CHARACTERS IN FULL COLOR

HOW TO GET YOUR GEN. MacARTHUR PICTURES ABSOLUTELY FREE!!

By simply cutting the coupon or making a facsimile of it, mail together with twenty-five cents in coin, plus a three cent stamp for handling and shipping, and you will receive, absolutely free, about FIFTY pictures of "MEET THE NAVY" together with a GIANT CAMERA COMICSCOPE projector. Everything else included, tube, lens. Act immediately, send the coupon and you will get your pictures and COMICSCOPE quickly, together with your picture portrait of General Douglas MacArthur suitable for framing.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

M. L. J. MAGAZINES, Inc. DEPT. A
160 West Broadway New York City

Please rush at once the "MEET THE NAVY" series of pictures, absolutely free, and one GIANT CAMERA COMICSCOPE PROJECTOR, for which I am enclosing twenty-five cents in coin and a three cent stamp for handling and shipping. And a copy of a picture portrait, suitable for framing, of Gen. Douglas MacArthur, WITHOUT ANY ADDITIONAL COST.

Name _____ (print clearly)

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(Offer good in U.S.A. only. In Canada 5¢ extra)

Not necessary to send coupon — A facsimile will do.



TURRET CAPTAIN



SIGNALMAN



QUARTERMASTER



MASTER DIVER



EXPERT RIFLEMAN



OFFICER'S STEWARD, OFFICER'S COOK, THIRD CLASS



PARACHUTE MAN



TORPEDOMAN



FIRE CONTROLMAN



RADIO MAN

GEE what a build!
Didn't it take a long
time to get those muscles?

No SIR! - ATLAS
Makes Muscles Grow
Like Magic!

Will You Let Me PROVE I Can Make YOU a New Man?

LET ME START SHOWING RESULTS FOR YOU

 <p>5 inches of new Muscle</p>	 <p>What a difference!</p>
 <p>Here's what ATLAS did for ME!</p> <p>John Jacobs BEFORE</p> <p>John Jacobs AFTER</p>	 <p>For quick results I recommend CHARLES ATLAS</p>  <p>GAINED 29 POUNDS</p>

Here's What Only 15 Minutes a Day Can Do For You

I DON'T care how old or how young you are, or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add **SOLID MUSCLE** to your biceps—yes, on each arm—in double-quick time! Only 15 minutes a day—right in your own home—is all the time I ask of you! And there's no cost if I fail.

I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back, develop your whole muscular system **INSIDE** and **OUTSIDE**! I can add inches to your chest, give you a vice-like grip, make those legs of yours lithe and powerful. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs, help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling! Before I get through with you I'll have your whole frame "measured" to a nice, new, beautiful suit of muscle!

What's My Secret?

"Dynamic Tension!" That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny, skinny-chested weakling I was at 17 to my present super-man physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with.

When you have learned to develop your Strength through "Dynamic Tension" you can laugh at artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the **DORMANT** muscle-power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real solid **LIVE MUSCLE**.

My method—"Dynamic Tension"—will turn the trick for you. No theory—every exercise is practical. And, man, so easy! Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of "Dynamic Tension" almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending over, etc.—to **BUILD MUSCLE** and **VITALITY**.

FREE BOOK

"Everlasting Health and Strength"

In it I talk to you in straight-from-the-shoulder language. Packed with inspirational pictures of myself and pupils—fellows who became **NEW MEN** in strength, my way. Let me show you what I can do for YOU! For a real thrill, send for this book today. **AT ONCE, CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 259W, 115 East 23rd St., New York City.**

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 259W
115 East 23rd St., New York, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City..... State.....

CHARLES ATLAS

Awarded the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man" in international contest—in competition with **ALL** men who would consent to appear against him.

This is a recent photo of Charles Atlas showing how he looks today. This is not a studio picture but an actual untouched snapshot.

